

WHEN THE LIGHT CAME

By William Walker Hines

At last his excellency the governor was alone. The tide of office seekers, lobbyists and politicians had been turned from the executive wing of the statehouse, and the exodus of clerks and stenographers had begun. In the anteroom his private secretary awaited his dismissal for the day, impatient of the unusual delay. Down the tiled corridor echoed the footfalls of the janitor, master of all he surveyed. All day the governor had longed for the moment, yet now he sat idle. His gaze wandered toward the window, and he found himself thinking that when the slant rays of the setting sun flashed into the room he would find light to continue his work. It was for a pitifully few moments only that the sunshine penetrated the governor's private office, with its subdued colorings, its massive furniture and its patriotic memories.

His hand rested on the paper he had no need to read—"Senate bill No. 214." It had passed both senate and house without serious discussion, and the vote had drawn party lines sharply. The governor's own party was responsible for the measure, and it had met with only half hearted opposition. Apparently no one considered the bill of any special importance.

The governor had not quite understood why he took the precaution, but some instinct advised him to probe beneath the surface of this innocent looking measure. This instinct, this indefinable suspicion, was confirmed in a way that appalled him.

The days of indecision which followed had not been pleasant ones for the state's chief executive. Secure in their position, the sponsors of the bill had not urged its immediate signing, and the governor had carefully weighed the question.

Now he realized that the hour for action had come. Either he must veto the measure in the interest of those whose votes had given him the highest office in the state and whose welfare he had sworn to protect or throw his influence and his signature with those who were conspiring to mulct their ingenious constituency.

There could be no compromise. Either with the masses he must stand or with their enemies. And their enemies were his lifelong friends, the men who had made him politically, the men whom he had known in boyhood, in ambitious young manhood, in ripe and successful middle age—the men with whom he had marched and sung and fought and bled during the mighty civil war. It seemed to him in this dark hour that he loved those men, every one of them. He knew their wives, their sons, their daughters. He had broken bread at their tables. He had rejoiced with them in their successes, sympathized with them when clouds had gathered. Political ties had been welded into friendship's fetters of steel. He brought his fist down on the mocking paper with a terrific crash. The men behind that bill were bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and yet—

Then came another thought, a thought purely selfish. If he turned against these men who had made him what he was what did the future offer? An honest politician, he had no financial returns from a score of years given to his state's service. Part of his salary each year had gone to pay interest on the mortgage which had hung heavily on the old farm. His law practice had been scattered among many younger rivals. And he had passed that age when men can compete successfully with new blood.

There was his wife too. She had grown accustomed to the proportion of purple and fine linen accruing to the governor's wife—and Marion. He remembered that very morning watching the girl, apple of his eye, mount her horse and canter down the driveway. Was it fair that he should dash the cup of pleasure she was just raising to her lips? He could almost feel the fresh, cool kiss of his cheek as she whispered:

"Father, dear, I am so happy, so happy!"

Would she be happy if he took her back to the old farm, with its struggling buildings, its neglected land, to begin all over again?

He bent forward, one hand supporting his aching head. Then suddenly came the sunbeam, striking full and fair through the casement. It fell upon his great seal ring, bearing the state's coat of arms, and he pulled his hand back into the shadows.

The sun's ray traveled across the room, tilting upward, and in a whimsical mood he followed its course over the great flat topped desk with its fixtures, past the high backed carved chairs straight to the mantel, and there it struck something that brought him to his feet.

It was an old painting of himself, life size and made from an old daguerrotype. He remembered the very day that faded little picture had been taken. He had worn his uniform, then bright and new. The painting was the gift of the men of his company, some of whom were numbered among the ranks of those supporting the bill which lay on yonder desk. Why had they followed him in those dark days of secession and civil strife? Why had they followed where he led? Why, if he was not stronger than they, if the gift of leadership was not mighty within him? They had trusted him then, they had followed him then, and now where was he leading them? No; he

was not leading, he was following. Following them where? To dishonor, to dishonesty!

But would they see it that way? Would they realize that the same belief in a great underlying principle which had led him to don that uniform in a lost cause dominated him?

Some one opened the door, but he did not turn. Rather he stood as one fascinated, for the draft from the open door had stirred the two flags across above the picture, the two flags which he now loved with a strangely mingled and yet divided affection. Something stronger than sentiment took possession of him. He had found the light.

He turned toward his desk and picked up his pen with a hand that did not tremble. It was the work of a moment only.

Then he looked up to face—Marion, with a happy light in her eyes, the lit of a mendowmark in her voice.

"Father, dear, I am so glad to catch you alone for just a little minute, dearest," she coaxed as she glanced at the stacks of papers. "You wouldn't mind if I sat on your knee, just as we used to sit together. Dear me, how long it was!"

The governor smiled indulgently and held her cool, smooth cheek close to his feverish one.

"You are so busy all the time it really doesn't seem as if I had a father now, but I have something so important to tell you. You remember Jerry Gaylord, father, dear? I used to go to school with Jerry. You often took us to the crossroads in your buggy. Well, Jerry has been here—yes, several times—and now—I think I'll go back with him next time if you don't mind. Mother says it is simply absurd. Jerry isn't very remarkable. He isn't even a state senator, and he doesn't want to be, but I think I'll see more of him than mother does of you, and I don't care for a husband who is too successful to love me. Oh, father, dear, I don't mean that! But please may I marry him and go back to Bridgeport? It's very quiet at Bridgeport, I know, but I like it better."

And he had been afraid to dash the cup from her lips! He had thought she loved it all—the excitement, the homage paid her as daughter of the governor.

"Back to Bridgeport?"

He had quite forgotten Jerry, though when she had first spoken he had thought of Jerry as a promising young fellow.

"Back to Bridgeport?"

He glanced at the lines he had just penned and suddenly straightened up. There was a new light in his eyes, a stronger ring in his voice.

"Of course you may. Jerry is all right, and—well, there is no telling; I may go back to Bridgeport myself one of these days."

Then he kissed her, gravely and tenderly, and arm in arm they walked out of the office. He closed the door, and the secretary picked up his hat. The day's work was done.

The Dangers of Imagination.

A story of Coleridge's boyhood, which appears in a book by Mr. Wilfred Brown on the poet's childhood and later years, shows the dangers that beset the star gazer and also the rewards that came to him. From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie.

As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once, while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand, he absently thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.

The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed: "What! So young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetic boy of an attempt at pocket picking.

With some fright and a few tears the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fall him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Cheapside.

Individuality of Birds.

In studying different birds of the same species individual traits are constantly seen and expressed in strong relief. The greatest differences seem to lie in the relative development of their sense of fear. In one wren family the male never fed the young, and the female never became very tame. What a different state of affairs was found at another wren's nest studied earlier in the summer! After the removal of this nest it was fully forty-five minutes before the young got a morsel to eat, but after the first visit the victory was won, and the hen, if not the cock, bird became very tame. During the preliminary interval of suspense the male sang cheerfully, but the female was at the nest and stump many times before venturing inside. Five minutes after her timidity had been finally overcome the male was also on the stump, where he sat with drooping wings and gave his alarm; thence he flew to a tree, then to the ridgepole of the tent, where he sang merrily, while the young were fed by his mate. The male sang all the morning until noon and, after a silence, began again at 2 o'clock. On the contrary, at the first nest the male was never seen and seldom, if ever, heard. The timidity of the female was never completely overcome.—Century.

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[Circuit A-179.]
SHERIFF'S SALE—Essex Common Pleas Court.
Frank W. Crane vs. Frederick S. Baldwin.
Pl. fa.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the fifth day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey: Beginning on the northeasterly line of Newark avenue at a corner of land now or formerly belonging to Philip Weaver; thence (1) along the line of the land belonging to the said Philip Weaver north thirty-four degrees and fifty-three minutes east one hundred and fifty and ninety-two hundredths feet to line of land now or formerly of Samuel S. Baldwin; thence (2) along the last mentioned line parallel with the said avenue south forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes east one hundred and thirty-one and fifty-two hundredths feet; thence (3) further along the line of land of Samuel S. Baldwin at right angles to said avenue south forty-one degrees and thirty minutes west one hundred and fifty feet to said line of said avenue; thence (4) along said line of said avenue north forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes west one hundred and fourteen feet and twenty-four hundredths feet to place of beginning. Containing four hundred and thirty-seven thousandths of an acre.

Being the same premises conveyed to said Frederick S. Baldwin by Samuel S. Baldwin and wife by deed dated February 26, 1876, and recorded in Book V-18 of Deeds for Essex County, on pages 535, 536.
Newark, N. J., November 9, 1903.
John A. Hines, SH'Y.

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